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ENEMY-MAKERS.

THERE are some children who seem as if they could scarcely move a step without breaking or spoiling something. Whatever of a fragile nature they lift or handle, they are sure to let fall or knock over. Whatever they attempt to do, they do ill, so that it would have been far better let alone. If introduced into a garden, their feet find it quite impossible to keep off the parterres, and their fingers to abstain from plucking the flowers. In the parlour, they are perpetually raising unearthly screams from cats and dogs, on whose toes, tails, or feelings they have trampled, or setting up younger children than themselves into squalling fits, in consequence of pinches, cuffs, and bruises which they inflict—to all appearance unconsciously. Wherever they go, their course is marked, like that of a hurricane, by the wreck and disorder which they leave behind. An ill luck seems to attend them in all positions and all circumstances, and so many and so bitter are the complaints which they give rise to, that one at length almost pities even while suffering from them.

The enemy-makers are a class a good deal like this department of the juvenile world. I would define them as persons having an unfortunate aptitude, by word and deed, to give offence to their fellow-creatures, each of whom, so offended, becomes of course a deadly foe for life. Enemy-makers are often very meritorious persons. I have known them possessed of some of the most popular of the virtues, besides being clever and amusing. In their general conduct, and even in their general manners, there may be nothing exceptionable. But all this is of no avail against the leading peculiarity. Every now and then they commit some blunder or utter some speech, which throws one of their neighbours into irreconcileable hostility. This person becomes of course a focus or centre for the diffusion of unfavourable sentiments respecting the offender. He speaks ill himself, and engages as many of his friends to do likewise as possible. Thus, a single wry word will perhaps create a score of ill-speakers. It is needless to remark how these foci will at length become so numerous, as to absorb nearly the whole of the offender's neighbours, leaving him hardly one who is willing to keep on fair terms with him.

Lately visiting a friend in the country, I was much pleased with the intelligent, I might almost say brilliant, conversation of a gentleman who was asked to meet me at dinner. It seemed to me a piece of good fortune in the place, to have residing in it a man of a character so rarely met with out of great towns. I was surprised, however, in no small degree, when, afterwards conversing with various families, to find that my praises of this gentleman were not well received. In some instances, ladies faintly assented to them with a strained politeness; in others, met them with disdainful sneers and tossings of the head. One gentleman muttered something through his teeth, and another looked black in the face and said nothing. I met the man again, and liked him still better. He came and undertook to be my conductor through the curiosities of the district. We became great friends. It was incomprehensible how so pleasant and obliging a person should be unpopular. At length, I got a key to the mystery. My new acquaintance was an enemy-maker. He had, from a strange recklessness, allowed himself on various occasions to say sore things of sundry persons. He had treated one or two foolish and officious individuals with impatience, and allowed them to know what he thought of them. One after another, his neighbours had been thus offended by

him, until there were only two or three who would receive him into their houses, or meet him any where else. His various agreeable qualities had been in a great measure lost to the circle in which he resided, and himself rendered a kind of Pariah, solely in consequence of a few trivial acts and a few trivial expressions.

It is not to be supposed that the enemy-maker is necessarily an unhappy man. Some may have their moments of regret for the unpopularity into which they have fallen; but generally they are quite at their ease on the subject. This is owing to the peculiar constitution of mind by which they become enemy-makers. The enemy-maker would be described by the phrenologist as a person with large self-esteem and small love of approbation; and such is at once a just and intelligible account of the leading features of his character. Perfectly satisfied about himself, he regards not what his neighbours may think of him. But the bulk of human beings are constituted differently, being liable to conceive great offence if they are not well thought of, or are treated disrespectfully. The enemy-maker, from his own want of this feeling, does not understand or sympathise with it. Himself insensible to both its agreeable and disagreeable affections, he acts very much as if there were no such thing in nature. Hence it is that he is so liable at every turn to come disagreeably across one person or another. But this defect of feeling makes him at the same time able to endure with equanimity the consequences of his unlucky tricks. He may sometimes be surprised at a cool reception from one whom he took for a friend, and think it rather odd that he has not got an invitation from some particular family for a twelvemonth; but he is not apt to be much or long discomposed by such circumstances, every thing being made up to him by the satisfaction which he habitually feels with himself.

It is nevertheless a great misfortune to be an enemy-maker, and it would be well for any person who has a tendency to become one, to put himself on his guard against it by the means which his intellect supplies, thus bringing one part of his mental constitution to compensate for the defects of another. Let him be fully aware that, though he feels independent of the approbation of his fellow-creatures, and cannot imagine how any one should be otherwise, most are in reality otherwise, and therefore conceive great offence when this sentiment of theirs is wounded. Let it be deeply impressed upon him that, in his intercourse with other parties, the most shining qualities will fail to maintain their attachment or respect, if he does not act delicately with regard to their *amour propre*. Here the flatterer may give him a lesson, if not an example. It is daily seen that a man of many bad qualities will keep a fair place in society by making himself agreeable to every body. Just as certainly will the most worthy man fail to do so, if he has a habit of putting his neighbours ill at ease with themselves by biting and undervaluing speeches.

"What care I how fair she be,
If she is not fair to me?"

old Wither sings; and such is the very process of ideas which leads to the enemy-maker being so much scouted. There is nothing more common in literary circles or coteries, than to hear some writer of reputation denied every good attribute, or at least allowed the very faintest praise; the cause, when examined, proving to be that this writer has dropped a contentious, and probably unjust, expression respecting some favourite member of their set. A single offensive sentence blinds them to his whole merits. In

like manner, I have known a first-rate wit lose all character as such with one who had laughed a thousand times at his jokes, on his happening in one unlucky moment to give way to a jest, of which that person was the subject. From that moment, what had formerly been all very lively and amusing became intolerably low and coarse. In fact, the bulk of mankind are affected in their judgments of individuals, to a very great extent, by considerations affecting themselves; and if there be one particle of uneasiness in their own hearts about any one, it is sufficient to depress a saint into a hypocrite, and a philosopher into a fool. How often is merit denied where there is no knowledge of the person whatever, merely because his circumstances excite a little envy! Much more, of course, may this disagreeable affection be excited, if a positive offence be offered. If the enemy-maker would take these things into serious consideration, and endeavour to act with some degree of caution, he might train his judgment to keep him comparatively free of trouble, notwithstanding that he remained unconscious as before of the nature of the wounds which it is his unfortunate tendency to inflict.

Enemy-making sometimes, but comparatively infrequently, arises from a certain want of self-control, rendering it impossible for the party to abstain from saying some smart thing, or acting upon some favourite plan. This is a most unfortunate variety of the tribe, for they are not necessarily insensible to the effects of their delinquencies. A joke—perhaps merely a whimsical association of a couple of words—occurs to their minds, and, though the alienation of a friend, and much consequent vexation, is the certain consequence, they can no more restrain themselves than can the sot when his fatal beverage is placed before him. They take a fancy for doing a particular thing, or following a certain course, probably of quite an indifferent nature, and, though it is sure to cause a swarm of hornets to come about their ears, they are equally incapable of abstaining from it. They always repent afterwards, but generally to little other purpose than to deepen the regret which they feel for their imprudence. To this class I would say, consider what a word or an action is. It may appear a passing thing of a moment, but yet carry the seeds of the events of future years. Let no one think a word a light or insubstantial matter. Words are things, as much as if they had the weight of lead or gold. While a word can express the ideas of one mind, and raise ideas and excite to actions in another, it can never be justly held as mere breath, as common thinkers are ready to term it. Let words, then, be used with caution. Retain an offensive one, as you would abstain from shooting a poisoned arrow at a multitude. Upon the shutting of the lips may depend the comfort of many days to come. Why, then, oh why should they, in such a case, be opened?

The late Sir Walter Scott was remarkable for the example which he held up to all men, but particularly to his literary brethren, with regard to enemy-making. In his personal conduct, and in the numerous productions of his pen, he was singularly void of offence. He was not a bitter speaker; he answered all men civilly; he bore with his bores like an angel. Then, as he himself tells us, he had early seen the absurdity of such a course as that of Dryden and Pope, who made all their inferiors their bitter enemies, in consequence of satirising them, thus exposing themselves to an incessant storm of petty malice, which could not but be a source of constant torment to them. Scott wrote descriptively of no man, and, when any silly attack was made upon him, he took no notice, but let it "hum and buzz itself asleep." By this policy, he got through

life with more kind regard from his fellow-men than ever before, perhaps, befall one who attained such eminence. We become particularly sensible how admirable his conduct was in this respect, when we contrast it with the paltry vice-routines which some eminent literary men ever and anon allow to escape them, as if to show how compatible the best talents are with false taste and an essentially mean and vulgar nature. Enemy-makers of all kinds might be directed to study the character of Scott, as a lesson calculated to be of the greatest benefit in their peculiar case.

After all, in as far as it may be impossible to effect a complete cure of the enemy-maker, I would call for his being regarded a little more gently by the world. He is an unfortunate being, whether as naturally defective in tact or self-control. Then his unlucky escapades expose him to so much inevitable obloquy, and act so injuriously, in most instances, on his fortune. Upon the whole, he is a more fit object of pity than of blame. When any ordinary person of the world experiences a shock from an enemy-maker, let him consider what an unhappy thing it is to have a tendency to act so as to excite hostility; let him reflect how fortunate he himself is in being free from such a peculiarity; and he will be disposed not so much to resent as to forgive.

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF COLERIDGE. SECOND ARTICLE.

At what precise period opium-drinking acquired a mastery over Coleridge it does not seem possible to determine, as he sedulously kept the matter secret from his friends. Mr Cottle, one of his oldest friends, did not become aware of his giving way to this habit till 1814, on which occasion he addressed to him an affectionate remonstrance, to which a reply of the most touchingly despondent character was sent by the delinquent. It was not a matter of doubt that at this period he drank from one pint a-day to two quarts of laudanum per week. On one occasion he was reported to have taken, within the twenty-four hours, one whole quart of laudanum. This exceeds the quantity taken by that literary impostor Pealmanazar, or, indeed, any other opium-consumer upon record. The following letter to Mr Wade of Bristol, dated June 1814, is most melancholy, but instructive, as convincing how absolute is the slavery of such a passion.

DEAR SIR—For I am unworthy to call any good man friend, much less you, whose hospitality and love I have abused; accept, however, my entreaties for your forgiveness and your prayers.

Conceive a poor, miserable wretch, who for many years has been attempting to beat off pain by a constant recurrence to the vice that reproduces it. Conceive a spirit in hell, employed in tracing out for others the road to that heaven from which his crimes exclude him. In short, conceive whatever is most wretched, helpless, and hopeless, and you will form as tolerable a notion of my state as it is possible for a good man to have.

I used to think the text in St James, that 'he who offended in one point, offends in all,' very harsh; but I now feel the awful, the tremendous truth of it. In the one crime of OPIUM, what crime have I not made myself guilty of! Ingratitude to my Maker; and to my benefactors—injustice; and unnatural cruelty to my poor children; self-contempt for my repeated promise—breach, nay, too often actual falsehood. After my death, I earnestly entreat that a full and unqualified narration of my wretchedness, and of its guilty cause, may be made public, that at least some little good may be effected by the direful example.

May God Almighty bless you, and have mercy on your still affectionate, and in his heart grateful,

S. T. COLERIDGE."

About this period he was in great distress for money, notwithstanding that his regular expenses were not great, and that several friends were generous to him, Mr De Quincey giving him a present of £300, and Dr Fox of Bristol one of £50, while the pension of the munificent Wedgwoods was still continued. He declares in a letter that, if he had £200 clear in his possession, he would put himself into a private asylum for lunatics, in order to be cured of his fatal love of opium, his will being of no avail in the case. Could there be a more affecting illustration of the dismal nature of this indulgence? It is gratifying to reflect that Coleridge ultimately was emancipated from its thralldom.

In 1808, he was invited, most probably through the

intervention of his friend, Sir Humphry Davy, to deliver a course of lectures, at the Royal Institution in London, on poetry and the fine arts. He received for the course 100 guineas; but he was often a delinquent upon lecture days, and it was not merely once that a whole line of the carriages of the families of the gentry were reversed in their course up Albemarle Street by the first arrived receiving the intelligence of Mr Coleridge's "sudden indisposition." Indisposition it certainly was on the lecturer's part—but not of the nature of ill health. Happily some friend had broken in upon his preparatory hours, and, in that case, it is most probable that the friend received the lecture in his own person, while the true audience were riding back disappointed to their residences. Sir Humphry Davy at this time remarked, that he feared Coleridge's want of punctuality would always prevent his emergence from difficulties. Some of the lectures actually delivered were uttered in tones so uncaptivating, and with a listlessness so repulsive to uninitiated auditors, that we cannot be surprised that the lecturer did not become a general favourite. Yet for this position, and for these subjects of criticism, there is no doubt that Coleridge was naturally better adapted than for the author's desk. It is probable that opium-drinking thus early was exercising its baneful influence upon him. We believe that a very eminent shorthand writer was employed to take down these delivered lectures, and that he found the task to be impracticable; not from incapacity for his duty, but, as he is said to have expressed it, the impossibility of catching Mr Coleridge's flow of words. Most other speakers he could almost precede when they had uttered half of a sentence, because practice had enabled him to form a tolerable conception of the style of the conclusion of the period. But Mr Coleridge was so unlike all other speakers, and so full of ever-startling thought, that the conclusion of his sentences was quite as novel and unexpected as the commencement.

On June 1, 1809, appeared No. 1 of "The Friend." This was a single-sheet periodical, projected by our author, and published by him at Keswick when resident at Grasmere in Westmoreland. A more injudicious plan and place of publication could perhaps scarcely have been devised by the most perverse ingenuity. Its appearance was too frequently irregular as to date of publication, and its rambling character unattractive. After the publication of twenty-eight numbers, it was given up; though afterwards, in happier times, enlarged, almost rewritten, and reprinted in three volumes. In "The Friend" appeared some of Coleridge's attempts at a system of political philosophy, but in so unconnected and irregular a form as rather to perplex than enlighten as to his entire views on this subject. Both in mental and political philosophy, Coleridge has declared that his object was to overthrow the ascendancy of Locke and Paley. How far he might have succeeded in this attempt, had more auspicious circumstances fostered his endeavours, we can only conjecture; certainly the efforts he actually made fell far short of the object.

In "The Friend," Coleridge thus spoke of the improvement of the human race:—"A whole generation may appear even to sleep, or may be exasperated with rage—they that compose it tearing each other to pieces with more than brutal fury. It is enough for complacency and hope, that scattered and solitary minds are always labouring somewhere in the service of truth and virtue; and that by the sleep of the multitude the energy of the multitude may be prepared; and that by the fury of the people, the chains of the people may be broken." He proceeds to unfold the high requirements for the successful exercise of intellectual powers, and adds—"Are we then to despise—to retire from all contest—and to reconcile ourselves at once to cares without generous hope, and to efforts in which there is no more moral life than that which is found in the business and labour of the unspiring many? No!—but if the inquiry have not been on just grounds satisfactorily answered, we may refer confidently our youth to that nature of which he deems himself an enthusiastic follower, and one who wishes to continue no less faithful and enthusiastic.

We would tell him that there are paths which he has not trodden; recesses which he has not penetrated; that there is a beauty which he has not seen, a pathos which he has not felt, a sublimity to which he hath not been raised. If he have trembled because there has occasionally taken place in him a lapse of which he is conscious; if he foresee open or secret attacks, which he has had intimations that he will neither be strong enough to resist, nor watchful enough to elude, let him not hastily ascribe this weakness, this deficiency, and the painful apprehensions accompanying them, in any degree to the virtues or noble qualities with which youth by nature is furnished; but let him first be assured, before he looks about for the means of attaining the insight, the discriminating powers, and confirmed wisdom of manhood, that his

soul has more to demand of the appropriate excellencies of youth than youth has yet supplied to it; that the evil under which he labours is not a superabundance of the instincts and the animating spirits of that age, but a falling short or a failure. But what can he gain from this admonition? He cannot recall past time; he cannot begin his journey afresh; he cannot untwist the links by which, in no undelightful harmony, images and sentiments are wedged in his mind. Granted that the sacred light of childhood is, and must be, for him no more than a remembrance. He may, notwithstanding, be remanded to nature; and with trustworthy hopes, founded less upon his sentiment than upon his intellectual being—to nature, not as leading on insensibly to the society of reason; but to reason and will, as leading back to the wisdom of nature. A reversion, in this order accomplished, will bring reformation and timely support; and the two powers of reason and nature, thus reciprocally teacher and taught, may advance together in a track to which there is no limit."

It was in "The Friend," too, that the fine "Hymn before Sunrise in the Vale of Chamouny" was published. Of this hymn, which consists of an apostrophe to Mont Blanc, we annex the greater portion:—

"Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous black jagged rocks,
For ever shattered, and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam!
And who commanded (and the silence came)
Here let the billows stiffen and have rest?

"Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amidst their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious at the gates of Heaven,
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of loveliest blue, spread garlands at you feet?
God! let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer; and let the ice plains echo—God!
God! sing ye meadow streams with soul-like sounds!
Ye pine groves with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they, too, have a voice, you piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder—God!
Ye living flowers, that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the element—
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise!"

In the year 1816, Coleridge published his poem entitled "Christabel," which is in fact an unfinished and unfinished romance of a mystic nature. Of a similar character was a ballad entitled the "Ancient Mariner," published amongst his earlier poems. There is a remarkable instance of alteration in the value of literary property connected with this ballad. It appeared originally in a small volume of ballads composed in very simple language, and partly after the model of the old English ballads. Most of them, with the exception of the "Ancient Mariner," were from the pen of Mr Wordsworth. The volume was loudly assailed with a burst of ridicule, amidst which it sunk out of public notice. The publisher of these ballads in their original form, in disposing of his copyrights to the Messrs Longman, found the copyright of this volume valued at "nothing." Upon his request it was willingly returned to him at this value, and by him given to Mr Wordsworth at the same. At the present period, perhaps, no portion of Mr Wordsworth's poems have been more fully appreciated, being by numerous readers as loudly applauded as they were once derided. Moreover, the "Ancient Mariner," to the unintelligibility of which Mr Wordsworth principally attributed the failure of this volume, has now become one of the most admired of Coleridge's minor poems.

During the years 1816, 1817, and 1818, were published several of our author's works, the chief of which were, "The Statesman's Manual; or, the Bible and the Best Guide to Political Skill and Foresight;" and the "Biographia Literaria," a rambling but exceedingly interesting volume, before noticed, a large portion of which is devoted to the critical development of the theory of poetic phraseology, in connexion with Mr Wordsworth's poems. In 1825, appeared "Aids to Reflection, in the Formation of a Manly Character, on the Several Grounds of Prudence, Morality, and Religion," &c. This work, which is mainly of a religious character, and based upon the author's distinctions between reason and understanding, has been more popular than might have been expected from its philosophical character. We have now the third edition in our hands, with a preface by an American gentleman, from an American edition.

The last work, we believe, published by Coleridge himself, was a small volume sent forth in 1830, "On the Constitution of the Church and State, according to the idea of each," &c.

It would appear, from the list of works that he has left as almost ready for the press, that his greatest performances were never delivered to the eyes of the public. In this list there are named four works on poetry and philosophy, "of which," says he, "I have already the written materials and contents, requiring

only to be put together," &c. None of these have, however, been brought forward by his friends. The greatest disappointment has been excited in reference to what he calls his "great work" upon philosophy in relation to Christianity, to the preparation of which he himself tells us that he devoted twenty years of his life, and to which he considered all his other prose writings as only preparatory. He could probably have spoken the matter of this work in his private conversations, but he had not advanced far in preparing it for the press, and it is thus lost to us. Such of his posthumous works as have already been given to the public (and they are probably all that could or should be given) consist of mere scraps, often not very intelligible, but upon the whole valuable.

Coleridge's mind was eminently projective. He proposed to write more works than most persons would read in a lifetime. Some of them were of vast import and labour, and a few were actually in progress; but it is quite a safe assertion that he seriously projected much more than he ever could have lived to complete at his rate of performance. In fact, he was known as a man who could never be relied upon to fulfil any engagement. When advertised to deliver lectures, he was the first to propose excuses for absence on several of the appointed days; nor could he be expected to complete his promised periodical publications, if any friend should unfortunately drop in and engage him in discourse upon the subject in hand. These circumstances, together with his unaccommodating and often offensive manners, render it not so remarkable that he was always poor, as that he found so many friends. As soon as he repulsed one of these, he seemed to gain another, in a remarkable manner, and this continued till the end of his life. Perhaps no man ever lived who might be held up so suitably as an example to be imitated in some points and shunned in others—to be admired and reprobated—loved and disregarded. That so little of what he has done, and what he has left, seems to realise, to any thing like its full extent, what is known of his powers, may prove an instructive chapter to posterity—to great equality with common minds. To the first it enforces the important truth that the highest intellectual powers, undirected by well-regulated habits of thought and action, will neither bring worldly happiness to their possessor nor secure him hereafter an enviable fame—while it tells the more humbly-gifted that a vigilant and well-directed exercise of their powers may bring them not only happiness, but secure them a place in the grateful hearts of thousands.

For the last nineteen years of Coleridge's life he lived in serenity and comfort in the house of a friend at Highgate Grove, near London, lecturing sometimes at public institutions, and writing various scraps of poetry and prose, but chiefly displaying the extraordinary powers of his mind, in a kind of self-sustained conversation, which he would pour out for hours at a time to a circle of admirers, astonishing all by the rich store of thought which he seemed to have at command. For many years before his death he was subject to acute sufferings of body and melancholy lassitude, but he contemplated his end with undisturbed serenity, and much of child-like piety. The last four lines of an epitaph which he wrote for himself are—

"That he who many a year, with toil of breath,
Found death in life, may here find life in death!
Mercy for praise—to be forgiven for fame—
He ask'd, and hoped through Christ. Do thou the same."

He expired on the 25th of July 1834, and on the 2d of August was privately buried at Highgate New Church, where a handsome marble tablet has been placed by his Highgate friends, graved with a beautiful inscription to his memory.

In the above sketch, it is obvious that we could merely permit ourselves to glance at the most generally interesting features in the life and writings of Coleridge. Any thing approaching to a detailed appreciation of Coleridge's literary character and attainments, cannot be attempted in a popular miscellany like the present. The outline of his life, which we have here presented, may indicate, in a small degree, what he attempted. But of his metaphysics, which occupied so large a share of his contemplation and conversation, it would be injudicious here to attempt an explanation. They frequently transcend our grasp, and we really believe, not seldom transcended his own. He had no system that was definable, and no practical result that was aimed at. He has been accused, latterly, of borrowing largely from the Germans in this department, although we think somewhat unjustly, at least as to extent. We confess he borrowed the groundwork of his speculations from them—that is, the starting posts for his intellectual excursions—but this he has acknowledged.

The thread of the life of Coleridge is so indistinctly manifested by the literary remains and letters, &c., that have been published, that we have found the greatest difficulty in preserving the appearance of consecutive ness in this brief sketch. If our readers should feel a desire to know how he succeeded in bringing up and educating his family, we confess that we have been unable to discover any clue to the answer. It may, however, be unknown to some, that one son is now a judge, another a bishop, and a third a poet. The will of Coleridge is, though pleasingly affectionate, somewhat amusing, inasmuch as it is a specimen of a wordy bequeathment of next to nothing—nothing in pecuniary value. To kindred and friends

he apportioned his various books and manuscripts, with a solemnity ill according with their value, except as mere testimonials of affection.

THE PLACE AND THE MARRIAGE.

ALTERED FROM A FRENCH FEUILLETON.

FOUR travellers occupied the interior of the diligence passing betwixt Bordeaux and Paris. The customary call of the conductor, on leaving the former place, made out their names to be M. Dufour and Mademoiselle Amenaide Dufour, M. Raymond, and M. Bernard. The first of these was a man of fifty, with the air of a respectable, wealthy, good-natured merchant, and the lady, his daughter, was a very pretty and interesting girl of eighteen. The other two were young men, seemingly about thirty years of age, and were both of them favourable specimens, in looks and manner, of the educated classes of society. After the first few moments, M. Dufour opened up a conversation, taking, with wonted stage-coach caution, the weather as his subject; and by his address to M. Bernard, it became apparent that they were acquainted. However, though the discourse grew more general and more interesting in its cast, the reader will learn more of some of the parties by an account of a conversation betwixt the two young men, when they descended for a time to relax their limbs by walking.

After offering his companion a cigar, Raymond remarked, "I am going to Paris to solicit a provincial place, which I am almost certain of obtaining. No one yet knows of the vacancy, and no one is even likely to know for some short time." The other was also so far open in speech. "I will confess to you that it is Mademoiselle Amenaide who takes me now to Paris. They are going for the Carnival and Lent amusements. I met them in the country, and, though not an accepted suitor, I have not discovered any rival as yet." "The place is lucrative, and there is little to do—six thousand francs a-year," said Raymond. "A very charming girl," continued Bernard, "with a dowry of a hundred thousand francs, and twenty thousand livres a-year in prospect." Thus did the two young men keep up the fire on both sides, until it was time to return to the vehicle and its other passengers.

It was somewhat odd that both the young men threw themselves into the corner of the diligence, and seemed alike disposed to silence after their return. The fact was, that M. Bernard was busied in mental cogitation on a point newly started to him. "A married man has need of a place, to give him consideration in the world," thought he; "and, as I am so very far below the Dufours in fortune, this place of six thousand francs a-year would help in every way to ensure me against rejection." Raymond had formerly been too much absorbed with meditations on his place to look much at Amenaide. "What a charming-looking girl!" he now said, as he glanced at her; "he is not accepted, and she really may not like him; oh! how nicely such a wife and my place would suit." The consequence of Bernard's reflections was, that he set himself with art and diligence to draw out of Raymond the particulars relative to the vacant office, and secretly noted down the whole.

Raymond, on the other hand, took up what was in itself a natural and pleasing task. He applied himself to the duty of playing the courteous cavalier to Mademoiselle Dufour. He soon noticed, however, that his chances of success seemed to be small. Bernard appeared to be respected by the father, and to stand reasonably well in the graces of the daughter. Raymond's good sense also satisfied him that they were not people to change friends for mere change's sake, and that, even if Amenaide was not prepossessed, he, a stranger in Paris, would have very little chance with Bernard, who was thoroughly fitted to be their daily cicerone there.

After three days' travel, the party reached Paris, where the carnival or public masquerades, held during the holidays preceding Lent, were then in full blow. M. Dufour went to lodge in a respectable hotel. Bernard did not think it proper to go to the same abode, but accompanied Raymond to a neighbouring hotel. When they had got installed, "I hope you do not intend," says Bernard, "to spend your first days in business, in place of going about with us, and satisfying your curiosity in this new scene!" "I should like it of all things," answered Raymond; "but you must remember that my business will not allow of being deforred." "I think you said that you conceived yourself sure of some considerable advantage as to time," said Bernard; "you will take a week's amusement at least?" "I cannot," replied the other; "that would compromise all." "Two or three days, then," said Bernard; "to-morrow, at all events, M. Dufour and Amenaide count upon you to walk and dine with them." "I did not hear them say so." "They charged me with the invitation; you cannot disappoint them." Raymond, who was too easy in disposition, could not resist the wily arguments of his companion, and said, "Well, since I might disappoint others, pleasure be it for to-morrow, at least!"

On the morrow, the two young men accordingly accompanied the Dufours to the Museum. Bernard there directed them along the gallery of the Louvre; and, under the pretext of some little business, left them, recommending them to devote a quarter of an hour to each picture, "as he had often done." He was absent three hours. In that time he had seen

friends, had put in operation various manœuvres, and had made applications, all as Raymond had revealed his intent to do. In the mean time, Bernard was safe as regarded Amenaide, for, though the lady seemed very little chagrined by his absence, the honest Raymond had no intention of supplanting a suitor really favoured by her. After dinner, the party went to one of the theatres. Having afterwards seen M. Dufour and his daughter home, Bernard without much difficulty induced Raymond both to visit a café-table and a masquerade-ball at the opera. The inexperienced young provincial paid a heavy penalty for these indulgences. While his wily friend escaped uninjured, Raymond was incapable of stirring from his pillow all the following day. Of this time Bernard made the best account, stirring actively to get the vacant place for himself. Raymond recovered somewhat from his sufferings, and rose in the evening; but though his perfidious friend tried to wile him abroad by a billet in a female hand, making a fictitious appointment at the masquerade balls, the young man had the good sense to keep his chamber, that he might ensure no neglect of business on the morrow.

Next morning, accordingly, Raymond remarked to Bernard when they met, "Paris has many temptations. Hitherto I have been feeble, but now will I turn to business in reality." "Pooh!" said Bernard, afraid of a premature discovery, "what is the hurry?" "I will delay not a moment longer in making my applications." "Well, then, you must at least breakfast first, as those to whom you are going will also do; and, as I have engaged some other friends to breakfast with me this morning, come with me." Raymond saw no danger in a breakfast. However, it proved otherwise. One of the young men whom he met at the table took an occasion rudely to contradict him, and seemed desirous, in short, to fasten a quarrel upon him. Raymond was any thing but quarrelsome, yet no young man of common spirit could have borne tamely the insults given to him, and he made such retorts as brought on a challenge. According to the horrid customs of modern Paris, an immediate adjournment of the whole party to the wood of Vincennes took place, and, almost ere Raymond could reflect seriously on his position, his hand was armed against a fellow-creature. The same hand was raised mechanically by the bewildered young man, but still the aim proved deadly. His opponent fell. The others rushed up, and the instant cry of all was, "He is dead!"

"Unhappy chance!" cried Bernard; "fly, fly, Raymond! The laws are now most severe on the duellist; fly to the country instantly. I will conceal myself here in a secure retreat, and communicate with you when the danger is over." The agitated Raymond returned accordingly to his hotel, to make arrangements for flight. Here, however, he met M. Dufour, who had come to ask for him, and the poor youth told the old merchant all. "Flight is the worst step possible, my poor boy," said Dufour; "it is like owing to the whole fault. I would advise you simply to conceal yourself for a short time. You may then appear or not as things are likely to turn out." "But where can I take refuge?" said Raymond; "I know no one here." "Come with me," said the good merchant; "my own private apartment shall be your hiding-place for a day or two." Raymond was too happy to accept of the proposition, and in the chamber of the old merchant he did find a refuge. When they were fully informed of the rude and cruel manner in which he had been hurried into the late affair, he had the satisfaction of receiving sympathy both from Amenaide and her father.

After a consultation, M. Dufour went out on the following day, to make inquiries cautiously on the subject of the duel. To his surprise, he found that neither the police, nor the newspapers, nor the public, appeared to have the slightest knowledge of any such event. Another inquiry, at his own suggestion, M. Dufour also made. This was an inquiry at the office, where Raymond had intended to apply for the provincial post which was vacant. Here the startling information met him, that for the last three days, a M. Bernard, from Bordeaux, had been actively canvassing for the post, and was likely to procure it. M. Dufour went home bewildered. He then first communicated to Raymond and Amenaide the fact of the total silence existing as to the duel. Raymond started up. "Oh! thank Heaven!" he cried; "he may have recovered—I may be no shedder of blood." When Dufour proceeded to relate what had passed at the office, however, a different feeling found its way into the young man's mind. He sat thoughtfully for a few minutes. His face flushed, and he said, "I am no murderer, but I am a dupe. Pardon me," he continued, "I cannot now disclose to you, at least, my suspicions." But the suspicions of both M. Dufour and Amenaide were now also aroused, and, at their pressing request, he stated that, on looking back on all that had passed—on reflecting on his communications to Bernard, on the engagements and delays which had been forced on him by the latter, and on the circumstances of the duel—he suspected that deep treachery had been practised against him. "The man who has been guilty of it shall never be my son-in-law," cried Dufour. "The man who has been guilty of it shall never call me wife," said Amenaide, with even more emphasis. Raymond looked at her, and his look called up a blush.

Raymond was so fully convinced of the perfidy of

Bernard, that he proposed to go out himself, and make inquiries. "No, my dear boy," said Dufour, "there is a possibility, though a slight one, that the duel may have been no pretext. The truth will soon come to light. For the post, let it go; it may be made up." The last words had an amazingly and mysteriously strong effect on Raymond. He remained within doors, and from the long and seemingly interesting conversations which he held with Amenaide, it is probable that he found not the time heavy on his hands. This state of things came to a close with the appearance, on the second day, of M. Bernard. His face was joyful when he met M. Dufour; that of the latter was grave.

"The affair is arranged, then!" said the old merchant. "What affair do you speak of?" asked Bernard. "The duel of Raymond, certainly," was the reply. Bernard had probably hoped that this matter, or at least the details of it, would never reach the ears of the Dufours. He coloured slightly, as he replied, "Bah! it was all nonsense—a jest which his simplicity led some wags to play off upon him. His opponent was never hurt. But see, M. Dufour; while the silly fool has run away into exile, I have been prudent enough to secure his proposed place. And now, I think I may venture to ask your daughter's hand without delay."

"And I refuse my hand," said Amenaide, entering from the open door of another room, leaning on the arm of Raymond. "You, sir, have treacherously abused this gentleman's confidence; you artfully forced his inexperience and good nature into delays to take advantage of them; and you finally conspired with accomplices to remove him from your path. It was here, happily, that he found a refuge. For what you have done you have your chosen reward. M. Raymond here receives my hand in recompense, the sole punishment attached to it being that he leaves you to the punishment which your own selfishness will attach to your reflections on the subject."

ENGLISH POPULAR FESTIVALS.

GOOD FRIDAY.

GOOD FRIDAY,* as the presumed anniversary of the day of the Crucifixion, has for ages been solemnly observed throughout Christian Europe, the only exceptions being in Presbyterian countries, such as Scotland. In Catholic times, the observances of the day in England were of the same character with those which are still maintained in many parts of the Continent. It is still a solemn festival of the Church of England, and the only one besides Christmas which is honoured by a general suspension of business. Strict church-of-England people abstain from any kind of animal food, even from cream to tea; such, we are informed by Boswell, was the custom of Dr Johnson. The churches are well attended, and it is considered proper to appear there in black clothes.

The religious usages of old times were generally more remarkable for the earnestness which prompted them than for their rationality or good taste. One of those appropriate to Good Friday appears in modern eyes of an unusually grotesque character. The priests took an image of the crucifix, which they carried with doleful hymns round the altar. Then stripping the figure of its coat, they laid it down before the steps of the altar, upon Turkey carpets, and with pillows to support the head. They and the people then crept along the ground in succession towards the crucifix, where they kissed the feet of the image, with marks of the greatest tenderness and devotion, many shedding tears. This was called "Creeping to the Cross." An old book containing the ceremonies observed by the English monarchs, directs the usher to lay a carpet on this day for the king "to creep to the cross upon." The queen and her ladies were also to creep to the cross. On the same day, the king hallowed rings to be distributed amongst the people, as a preservative against cramp and falling sickness. This was a custom which took its rise in the supposed virtue of a ring which had been given by King Edward I. to a poor person who asked him alms for the love of St John the Evangelist, and which, having found its way to Palestine, was afterwards brought back to the king by some persons returning from that country. On account of the healing power believed to reside in it, it was kept for centuries in Westminster Abbey with great veneration; and the king was presumed to be able to impart its virtue to other rings, by means of the ceremony of consecration. These were called cramp-rings, and received and sent abroad with an implicit faith in their power to cure fits. In some parts of England, the common people are still found to put some faith in what they call cramp-rings.

Another of the strange religious rites practised on Good Friday was a representation of the burial of Christ. A figure representing the dead Christ, wrapt in grave clothes, was carried along amidst the acclamations of the people, who knelt and beat their breasts before it, and deposited in a receptacle designed to represent the sepulchre, where it was allowed to rest till Easter day. The service called *Tenebrae*

[that is, darkness], which is still practised at Rome, appears to be a modification of this custom. Upon a triangular frame, fifteen candles are arranged, seven yellow ones at each side, and a white one at the top. The fourteen yellow candles represent the eleven apostles, the Virgin Mary, and the women that were with her at the crucifixion; the white one at the top represents Christ. Fourteen psalms are sung, and at the end of each one of the yellow candles is put out. Then, the light on the altar being extinguished, the white candle is taken down and hid under the altar. The putting out of the fourteen candles denotes the flight or mourning of the apostles and women, and the hiding of the white candle denotes that Christ is in the sepulchre. Then a noise is made by beating the desks and shuffling with feet, to represent the earthquake and the splitting of the rocks. In St Peter's church, on this day, the hundred lights usually kept burning on St Peter's tomb are extinguished, and an illuminated cross is suspended under the dome, where it appears as if self-supported.

Eggs and apples are curiously connected with Good Friday. A Protestant writer in Elizabeth's time notes the Popish custom of "creeping to the cross with eggs and apples." Probably they were used as offerings. Another writer, of the same age, says that the Roman Catholics, on Good Friday, "offered unto Christ eggs and bacon, to be in his favour till Easter day was past." "To hold forth the cross for eggs on Good Friday," occurs among the Catholic customs censured by John Ball, a Protestant writer, in 1554. A French writer of a later age speaks of a custom of preserving all eggs laid on Good Friday, as good for extinguishing fires into which they may be thrown. In England, no kind of estable but one, soon to be adverted to, remains in association with the day. We find that, in the time of the civil war, the puritan severity relaxed itself on this day upon a principle of contradiction. A "zealous brother" is thus described in 1631:—"He is an Antipos to all church-government; when she feasts, he feasts: Good Friday is his Shrove Tuesday. He commends this notable carnal caveat to his family—Eat flesh upon days prohibited, it is good against Popery."

In old times, Good Friday was distinguished in London by a sermon preached at *Paul's Cross* (a wooden pulpit mounted on stone steps, and surmounted by a cross, which stood till the time of the civil war, in the open air, near the north-east corner of St Paul's Cathedral). The sermon was generally on the subject of Christ's passion. Connected with it, two or three others were preached on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, in Easter week, at the *Spital* in Spitalfields, where the Lord Mayor and all the most eminent persons in London generally attended. The "Spital sermons" are still kept up, but take place in St Bride's Church.

The eatable above alluded to is the famous Hot Cross Bun. All England still eats hot cross buns on Good Friday. These are small cakes, slightly spiced, sometimes of a round shape, and sometimes long and tapering at both ends, but always marked on the top with an indentation in the form of a cross. In London, as well as in almost every other considerable town in England, the first sound heard on the morning of Good Friday is the cry of "Hot Cross Buns!" uttered by great numbers of people of an humble order, who parade the streets with baskets containing a plentiful stock of the article, wrapped up in flannel and linen to keep it warm. The cry, which is rather musical, is strictly—

Hot cross buns—
One a-penny, buns—two a-penny, buns;
One a-penny, two a-penny—hot cross buns!

Hucksters of all kinds, and many persons who attempt no traffic at any other time, enter into the business of supplying buns on Good Friday morning. They make a stir on the streets, which lasts till church time, and it is resumed in the afternoon. About a century ago, there was a baker's shop at Chelsea, so famous for its manufacture of excellent buns, that crowds of waiting customers clustered under its porch during a great part of the day. The buns were brought up from the oven on small black tin trays, and so given out to the people. The king himself had stopped at the door to purchase hot cross buns, and hence the shop took the name of the Royal Bun-House. As always happens in London when any thing original and successful is struck out, the royal bun-house soon obtained a rival, and was obliged to advertise as the Old Original Royal Bun-House. The wars of these two houses, like those of York and Lancaster, have long since been hushed to rest, and we find it stated in a recent work* that neither of them is now distinguished for this article above the other bakers' shops of Chelsea.

Hot cross buns appear to be identical with the small consecrated loaves which are distributed by the church in Catholic countries to those who, from any impediment, could not obtain the host. These loaves are made of the dough whence the host is taken, are marked with a cross, and are kissed before they are eaten. It is remarkable that the bread of the Greeks was marked by a cross on the upper surface, and that they gave such loaves as offerings to the gods, under a name which in the accusative case is *pasch* (boun). The prophet Jeremiah also speaks of cakes used in Pagan worship. Two small loaves, marked with a cross on the top, were found in Herculaneum.

EASTER SUNDAY.

Easter (from the Saxon *oster*, rising, referring to the Resurrection) is observed with much ceremonial, not only throughout Catholic Europe, and in the countries where the Greek church is established, but in Turkey and the Mahomedan countries along the coast of Africa. The festival is an engraving upon the Jewish Passover, the name of which (*pascha*) is still applied to it in almost every country besides England. The Catholic observances of Easter are of an elaborate character. At Rome, the Pope is carried in state to perform high mass in St Peter's, from the balcony of which he afterwards blesses the people assembled in the piazza below—perhaps one of the most imposing religious spectacles which the world anywhere presents. In England, before the Reformation, the Catholic observances of Easter were as fully enacted as in any other country. Early in the morning, a sort of theatrical representation of the Resurrection was performed in the churches, the priests coming to the little sepulchre where, on Good Friday, they had deposited the host, which they now brought forth with great rejoicing, as emblematical of the rising of the Saviour. In the course of the day, the clergy had a game at ball in the church, a custom of which it is now difficult to believe that it ever could have existed. A ball being brought in, the dean began a chant suited to Easter day, and then, taking the ball in his left hand, commenced a dance to the tune, others of the priests dancing round, hand in hand. At intervals, the ball was handed or tossed by the dean to each of the choristers, the organ playing music appropriate to their various antics, until it was time to give over, and retire to take refreshment.

At present, in large seats of population, Easter Sunday is distinguished by little besides the few peculiarities of the service, and the custom of going to church in attire as gay as possible. But in rural districts there still exist a few vestiges of old superstitions and customs connected with the day. It was once a general belief, and probably still is so in a few out-of-the-way places, that on Easter morning the sun danced or played immediately after his rising. People rose early and went into the fields to see this supposed phenomenon. Suckling, in his ballad on a wedding, alludes to it—

"But, Dick, she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter day.
Is half so fine a sight."

And Sir Thomas Browne, in denying it in his "Vulgar Errors," uses language which shows how intertwined with religious feeling the notion had become—"We shall not, I hope," says he, "disparage the resurrection of our Redeemer, if we say the sun doth not dance on Easter day." In some places, it was considered necessary, in order to realise this spectacle, to go to the brink of a fountain, and observe the reflection of the sun upon its surface, which of course would reduce the miracle to a natural fact. On Easter day, it was customary to adorn the churches with flowers, and there was in some places a custom called Clipping the Church, which was thus acted. The children came one after another to church, where they arranged themselves with their backs against the walls on the outside, taking hold of each other's hands, until so many were assembled that they formed a complete cincture round the exterior of the building—the people looking on, and shouting joyfully.

The viands appropriate to Easter day in the old times were, first and above all, eggs, then bacon, tansy pudding, and bread and cheese. The origin of the connexion of eggs with Easter is lost in the mists of remote antiquity. They are as rife this day in Russia as in England. There it is customary to go about with a quantity, and to give one to each friend one meets, saying, "Jesus Christ is risen," to which the other replies, "Yes, he is risen," or, "It is so of a truth." The Pope formerly blessed eggs to be distributed throughout the Christian world for use on Easter day. In Germany, instead of the egg itself, the people offer a print of it, with some lines inscribed. Formerly, the King of England had hundreds prepared to give to his household: in a roll of the expenses of Edward I., there occurs, in the accounts of Easter Sunday, in the eighteenth year of his reign, "Four hundred and a half of eggs, eighteenpence." The custom is supposed to have been originally Jewish.

At this day, the Easter eggs used in England are boiled hard in water containing a dye, so that they come out coloured. In some instances, this colouring is variegated or figured, by tracing over the egg with a candle end. The boys take these eggs, and make a kind of game, either by throwing them to a distance on the green sward, he who throws oftenest without breaking his eggs being the victor, or hitting them against each other in their respective hands, in which case the owner of the hardest or last surviving egg gains the day. Even in Scotland, where holidays and holiday observances are almost unknown, *Paste* (that is, Paschal) eggs are regularly prepared by the boys, and thrown in the manner here described, but generally on the Saturday before Easter Sunday. When the eggs are broken, the children make a feast of the contents, keenness of digestion making up, it is to be supposed, for the hardness to which they have been boiled.

It was customary to have a gammon of bacon this day, and to eat it all up, in signification of abhorrence of Judaism. The tansy seems to have been introduced

* Good Friday occurs, this year, on the 25th of March.

† In Ireland, many of the common people eat only a crust of bread on Good Friday, and, in some places, sucking infants are withheld from their ordinary sustenance.

into Easter feasts, as a successor to the bitter herbs used by the Jews at their passover. It was usually presented well sugared. Aubrey tells us that, in his time (the seventeenth century) the first dish brought upon table at Oxford on Easter Sunday was "a red herring riding away upon horseback," that is, a herring placed somewhat after the manner of a man upon horseback, in a corn salad. Throughout England, the fire was allowed to go out on Easter Sunday, after which the chimney and fireplace were completely cleaned, and the fire once more lighted.

It was a custom in the thirteenth century to seize all ecclesiastics found walking abroad between Easter and Pentecost, and make them purchase their liberty with money. This was an acting of the seizure of the apostles after Christ's passion. We have still what appears to be a relic of this fashion in a custom which exists in various parts of England. A band of young men goes abroad, and whatever female they meet they take hold of her, and pull off her shoes, which are only returned to her upon her paying some trifling forfeit. In Durham, it is done by boys, who, on meeting any woman, accost her with, "Pay for your shoes, if you please." The trifling sums which they thus collect are spent in a feast at night. At Ripon, celebrated for its manufacture of spurs, travellers riding through the town are stripped of those articles, which in like manner they have to redeem. On Easter Monday, the women make a return by going abroad in groups, and causing the men to redeem their shoes.

"Lifting at Easter" is another old custom, which may be presumed to have originated in a design of dramatising the events connected with Christ's passion. It consisted in hoisting individuals up into the air, either in a chair or otherwise, until they relieved themselves by a forfeit. A curious record makes us aware that, on Easter day, in the eighteenth year of the reign of Edward I., seven ladies of the queen's household went into the king's chamber, and *lifted him*, for which fourteen pounds appears to have been disbursed as a forfeit. The men lifted the women on Easter Monday, and the women claimed the privilege of lifting the men on the ensuing day. Three hoists were always given, attended by loud huzzas. A gentleman named Loggan thus described the ceremony, as performed in his own case in 1799:—"I was sitting alone last Easter Tuesday, at breakfast in the Talbot in Shrewsbury, when I was surprised by the entrance of all the female servants of the house handing in an arm-chair, lined with white, and decorated with ribbons and favours of different colours. I asked them what they wanted. Their answer was, they came to *heave me*. It was the custom of the place on that morning, and they hoped I would take a seat in their chair. It was impossible not to comply with a request very modestly made, and to a set of nymphs in their best apparel, and several of them under twenty. I wished to see all the ceremony, and seated myself accordingly. The group then lifted me from the ground, turned the chair about, and I had the felicity of a salute from each. I told them I supposed there was a fee due upon the occasion, and was answered in the affirmative; and having satisfied the damsels in this respect, they withdrew to *heave others*."

LETTERS FROM A LADY IN LONDON TO HER NIECE IN THE COUNTRY.

THE TOWER.

MY DEAR JANE.—In my last letter I mentioned some of those places which appeared to me particularly interesting in passing through the city; and now I wish to conduct you along with me on a visit to the Tower, a large government establishment on the bank of the Thames, at some distance eastward from London Bridge, and in the midst of that great line of wharfs and shipping which distinguish this as the commercial end of the town.

On emerging from some confined streets, and descending a little towards the river, we come upon an open space called Tower-hill, in the midst of which the Tower is situated, on the north bank of the Thames, from which it is separated by a broad platform or quay, communicating with thoroughfares leading past each end of the building. A moat or ditch surrounds the entire area, which comprehends a space of upwards of 12 acres; the ditch measuring nearly 140 yards in circumference, and in some parts extending to the width of nearly 50 yards. The appearance of this moat, at the time of my visit, forcibly convinced me of the state of desuetude to which this once formidable place of defence had been reduced, by the happy and peaceful times in which we live; but I fancied that an enemy would still find it a fearful slough of despond, being a deposit of mud, &c., left by the evaporation of the water; but by opening sluices in connexion with the river, the water can be supplied at a minute's notice. Crossing this moat by a stone bridge, we entered through four different gates on the west side, this being the principal entrance; and instead of a tower, I imagined myself entering a small fortified town, so spacious are the walks and so numerous the houses all around.

The principal object in the vast cluster of buildings is the White Tower or Keep, a large edifice of a square form, 115 feet long by 96 feet in width, and upwards of 90 feet in height, consisting of three distinct storeys, surmounted by battlements, and each corner finished by a round tower and vane.

The White Tower was originally built by William the Conqueror about 1078, and was, for several centuries subsequent to its erection, used, along with some other buildings now pulled down, as a royal residence—the unsettled state of the nation rendering security indispensable for crowned heads; and even with such precautions as were resorted to for protection, the said heads were not always allowed to repose on the shoulders of their kingly owners. How little, my dear Jane, are we, who live in blessed peaceful times, able to estimate the amount of human suffering, physical and mental, which has been endured within these walls! How many of the wise and good, of the gay and beautiful, have been here confounded with the actually vicious, terminating perhaps years of hopeless imprisonment by violent disgraceful deaths or by secret assassination!

The apartments appropriated to the use of state criminals are principally confined to this quadrangular building; and here, in 1305, William Wallace was imprisoned previous to his execution. In the following reign, David of Scotland and several lords of his court were confined here; followed, in 1359, John King of France and his son. From that period the Tower was the scene of many of those dark tragedies consequent on the struggles amongst the various branches of the Plantagenet family for the supreme power. A gloomy, long-arched gateway thrown across the walk which leads to the inner ward or court, is called the entrance to the *Bloody Tower*; and in a room over this entrance it is said the young prince Edward V. and his brother, the Duke of York, were murdered; but this cannot be authenticated. However, at the bottom of a staircase which leads into this arch, a quantity of human bones were found in the time of Charles II., who had them collected, placed in an urn, and deposited in Westminster Abbey, under the impression that they were the remains of those hapless children.

Anne Boleyn, Lady Jane Grey, and her equally unfortunate husband; Sir Thomas More, and Sir Walter Raleigh; were successively sacrificed here, besides many victims, more or less distinguished, if not in their lives, at least by the manner of their deaths. Queen Elizabeth, before she ascended to the throne, and while she was an object of dread to her sister Mary, suffered imprisonment in one of the towers. The council-chamber and chapel, and several of the apartments, are now used as offices for records and state-papers; but none of these rooms, nor those formerly occupied by prisoners, are now shown. Queen Elizabeth's apartment is now the governor's wine-cellars.

Visitors wishing to be shown through the various places open for inspection, must make their way to a kind of office or chamber guarded by yeomen in scarlet-coated coats; and here they wait until a certain number assemble, when, escorted by one of the yeomen as a guide, they are conducted first to the Horse Armoury, which I was surprised to find a comparatively recent erection, though close under the White Tower. It may be described as a museum of ancient arms and armour, in which character it throws a light on the middle periods of English history. Formerly, the ideas that prevailed about armour were very confused. A painter forty years ago, representing a Norman knight of the army of William the Conqueror, would have clad him in plates of steel, though no such thing existed for ages after. A hundred years ago, Dutch painters, depicting scenes in the life of Christ, thought it quite proper to invest the Roman soldiers of Herod in the armour of the sixteenth century. All this is now reformed, in consequence of careful inquiries into the history of armour, a branch of antiquarian knowledge in which there is none more eminent than Dr Meyrick, who has published a splendid work on the subject. Now, you must understand that the armour in the Tower was till lately arranged without the least regard to historical truth. Figures of certain kings were made up in armour which did not perhaps exist for a hundred years after their time. A few years ago, Dr Meyrick gratuitously undertook to arrange it correctly, so that it now illustrates our history with some degree of distinctness. Imagine an apartment a hundred and fifty feet in length and between thirty and forty feet in breadth, with a division down the centre, formed by graceful Gothic arches or stalls, divided each from the other by a single pillar. Each of these stalls is occupied by a mailed figure on horseback, representing several of the kings of England in the costumes of the respective periods of their reigns, each surmounted by a banner, bearing the name and date of the supposed figure. Amongst these chivalrous knights—twenty-two in number—are many names which occupy a conspicuous place in the records of past ages; and in contemplating the objects before me, I could not help giving way to the feeling that I was in the actual presence of those personages whose virtues or crimes had rendered them distinguished. I learned, however, that only one half of the number of suits were really worn by the parties named, the rest being a selection, arranged as nearly as possible in accordance with the known period assigned them in this collection.

The first figure is that of Edward I., bearing date 1272, and exhibiting a specimen of the chain armour which had till then been prevalent, namely, a kind of shirt composed of metal rings, capable of resisting the blow or thrust of a sword. Edward, you will remember, distinguished himself at that early period of his life in Palestine—so that, on the authority of Dr Meyrick, we may look with some confidence on this as a

fair representation of the appearance of one of those strange military enthusiasts who sought to redeem the Holy Land from Pagan domination. After Edward there is a gap till the middle of the fifteenth century, by which time the plate armour or mail had come into fashion. As specimens of the armour of that age, we have, first, the imbecile Henry VI., next his overruler Edward IV.—the first being furnished with a curious saddle of bone work, and the horses of both arrayed in housings of velvet, richly embroidered. The next in order is Henry VII. (1508), in a tilting suit of steel, enveloping the entire figure, rendering the wearer, one would suppose, invulnerable. The horse, too, is equipped in a kind of mail. He is followed by his son Henry VIII. (1509), wearing an entire suit, with breastplates, and backplates, arm-plates, gauntlets and braces, all inlaid with gold, and authentic as being the armour of Henry. The next is the Duke of Suffolk (1520), in a suit of plate armour; followed by the Earl of Lincoln (1535), in a suit very richly gilt.

Early in the sixteenth century, defensive armour is considered as having attained its perfection, both as to ornament and strength. There were instances in that age of battles between small but well mailed armies, which would last a long day, and be attended by scarcely any bloodshed or damage of any kind, except a vast deal of fatigue to the metal-covered knights, and perhaps a few deaths by suffocation. We thus become prepared for the elegant and very complete specimens afforded by the figures of Edward VI. (1552), the Earl of Huntingdon (1555), the Earl of Leicester (1560), Sir Harry Lee, champion of England (1570), and Elizabeth's favourite hero, the Earl of Essex (1585). After this period, armour became more ornamental, or a matter of dandyism, than useful; and such is the character of a few of the next ensuing figures, including the gentle King James himself, who, you know, is said to have been unable to bear the sight of a drawn sword. The finest specimen of this age is presented in the figure of Henry Prince of Wales (1612), son of James, in a splendid suit of highly finished mail, engraved and gilt in the most elaborate manner. He is followed by the court favourite of the period, George Duke of Buckingham (1618), in a plain suit; next to whom is Charles Prince of Wales (1620), in a rich suit of armour, engraved and gilt; this figure is that of a youth, apparently of twelve or fourteen years of age. Next to him is the Earl of Strafford; and then comes Charles again, as king (1640), in a suit of gilt armour presented to him by the city of London. He is succeeded by his son James II. (1685), whose armour is only partial, there being now little worn but breast and back plates. This is the last in the centre row; but in a recess on the opposite side of the room is another representation of Henry VIII., which, I would say, is by far the most superb figure in the room. The armour, which is said to weigh 112 lbs., was a present from the Emperor Maximilian I., on the occasion of the marriage of Henry with his first wife, Catherine of Arragon.

Near to this, in the same recess, is a small figure in a full suit of armour, said to be that of Charles Prince of Wales, when *three years old*. I presume it was necessary to accustom the body to the use and weight of mail from the period of early youth, at least occasionally, otherwise the enormous weight must have been insupportable.

In a different part of the gallery there is another equestrian figure in a suit of chain mail, said to have been worn in the time of Stephen, 1140. This is extremely curious; and from its great age, it is now almost black in appearance. But we have all this time been so much taken up with these gentlemen of the olden times, that scarcely a look has been bestowed upon the room itself, which is well worthy of notice, being decorated in the most tasteful and curious manner with weapons and arms of all sorts.

The ceiling is divided into compartments, bordered with muskets, pistols, cutlasses, pikes, &c., arranged with the utmost order and precision; the walls also are graced with similar devices, and gracefully disposed groups of ancient weapons occupy other parts of the room. We were next conducted from this by a staircase through one or two outer rooms to a part of the White Tower, where we were shown a long apartment filled with all kinds of interesting objects in the shape of weapons, instruments of torture, &c. It was exceedingly curious to notice the ingenious devices practised by mankind for the destruction or annoyance of their fellow-creatures; and I could not help feeling, that, had the same degree of labour and skill been applied in the promotion of objects of professed utility, we should have been much farther advanced in civilisation and happiness than we even now are. We had in this room an opportunity of observing the progressive improvements in arms, offensive and defensive; and could not repress astonishment at the muscular strength of our ancestors, in the facility with which they wielded swords, lances, &c., which a modern fine gentleman would fail to move. The small wicked-looking instruments of torture, called the *thumbtak*, are here shown, as also a ring for enclosing the neck, which, being moved by means of a screw, may be supposed to have produced the most exquisite torture. The block and axe used at the execution of the unhappy Anne Boleyn, are objects of painful interest, from which we gladly turn to a kind of theatrical representation of Queen Elizabeth on

horseback, in a fac-simile of the dress worn by her when she made a progress to St Paul's to return thanks for the defeat of the Spanish Armada. This dress is embroidered with tinsel beads &c., very much tarnished by time.

On the right-hand side of this room, a small dark apartment is shown, said to have been the sleeping-room of Sir Walter Raleigh; this, I suppose, is doubtful; but only a few years ago his handwriting was visible on the walls, but it has since been obliterated by whitewash.

Descending again, and passing through the Horse Armoury, we were conducted towards the Grand Storehouse, or Small Arms Armoury. This forms part of what is called the Inner Ward, which consists of rows of buildings or offices on the north and east sides of the spacious court, the White Tower conspicuously occupying the centre. The Grand Storehouse is a long brick building of handsome construction, faced with white stone, and surmounted by a clock-tower rising in the middle of the roof. Its erection was begun by James II. and completed by William III., for the purpose of storing arms available in the service.

On entering, a new scene opened up. The large apartment on the ground floor was filled with cannon, some of them of very peculiar construction; two or three pieces raised from the wreck of the Royal George attracted special notice. The wooden carriage of one of them was perfectly entire, but the cannon and the other carriages were very much decayed by their long immersion in the water. There were numerous curious pieces of ordnance, which have figured in their day; and some interesting remains of vessels—amongst others, part of Nelson's ship the *Victory*—the steering-wheel, I think.

From this we ascended by a staircase, branching off to the right and left from the first landing, to the Small Arms Armoury, a magnificent room, 354 feet long, the floor occupied from the base to the ceiling by square kind of racks, all detached one from the other with passages between, and sustaining muskets to the number of nearly 200,000; some of these were of inferior value, not having the latest improvements which have been made on fire-arms, but they were gradually undergoing repair, and a great proportion of them were in first-rate order, with percussion barrels, caps, &c. The sides and ends of this noble apartment were ornamented in all imaginable shapes and forms with every variety of weapons, forming suns, stars, scrolls, serpents, &c., arranged with as much elegance and taste as if the materials had been perfectly flexible. Opposite the door, an open space is reserved, supported on pillars, twisted round with wreathings composed of pistols, daggers, &c., the capitals formed also of pistols, both ends standing out in relief. The centre of this space was occupied by a very beautiful piece of cannon, which our guide informed us was a present from the Pope to Napoleon, and taken from the French in the last war. This elegant piece of ordnance was of elaborate workmanship; the wheels of the carriage on which it rested represented the sun. In a glass-case near this was shown the sword-belt and sash of the late Duke of York, presented by the late king. In the staircase the greatest degree of ingenuity was exhibited; the rails and balustrades being entirely composed of fire-arms of various descriptions, and above the first landing was a splendid military device, formed with swords, cutlasses, &c.; in this the kettle-drums taken by the Duke of Marlborough at the battle of Blenheim, occupy a prominent place, as also the guns taken at Waterloo. The walls at each side were graced by two enormous stars, also made up of arms. These ornaments were all the work of Mr Stacey, queen's decorator.

The last place exhibited was the Jewel Room, where a portion of the crown jewels were deposited for security. This is called the Jewel Tower, and is on the north-east side of the inner ward. We entered by a passage to a small vaulted room, lighted with lamps, there being no access for daylight. The lamps, however, threw a strong light upon the jewels, which were placed within an iron railing. This recess was lined with crimson cloth, the background filled up with the large gold plate used at the communion, and in front of these were cups, flagons, &c., richly chased, for the same sacred purposes. The shelves were occupied by several crowns, one of which the exhibitor declared to have belonged to Anne Boleyn; but this is very doubtful. It was very small, and composed only of a rim, or fillet of gold, set with precious stones, the cap being of crimson velvet. The crown of her present majesty was the most dazzling object in this valuable collection, and was placed at one side on a revolving stand, so that it could be seen all round. It was made from the crown of George IV., which was remodelled from that of Charles II., and is certainly a brilliant composition of all that is rich and rare. The band, or circlet, is of gold, studded with gems; the front being graced by a sapphire of inestimable value, of the deepest and most intense blue, two inches long, and one inch in breadth. In the other side of the rim is the ruby worn by the King of England at the battle of Agincourt, of great size and beauty. The top of the crown is formed by four arches, covered with brilliants and pearls, the arches uniting in supporting a ball and Maltese cross, composed entirely of diamonds. The cap is of crimson velvet. On the opposite side, also on a revolving stand, is a model of the White Tower in gold, ornamented with precious stones. This was

presented by the city of Exeter to one of the monarchs of England, and is used on state occasions as a salt cellar, the tops of the towers opening for the reception of the salt. It is said to be worth eight thousand pounds.

The royal christening font was also here, the queen being the last royal infant christened from it, a new one having been made for the princess-royal. This was a large vessel of gold, beautifully chased. A small golden eagle, and vessel for the anointing oil, used at the coronation, were also exhibited; and in a case below, covered with glass, were the sceptres, orbs, &c., which all bear a conspicuous part on occasions of state ceremonial. Beside them lay the gold staff of Edward the Confessor, which weighs upwards of nine pounds of solid gold.

I have thought it necessary, my dear Jane, to put all that relates to the description of the Grand Storehouse and the Jewel Tower in the *past tense*, these being the places recently destroyed by fire, my visit having been only a few days previous to this sad event. The jewels, however, were removed in safety while the fire was raging, and deposited with Messrs Rundell and Bridge, in whose strong room I have since seen them. The loss of arms, by the destruction of the armoury, has been immense, amounting, it is supposed, to a quarter of a million sterling; yet, great as this is in a pecuniary point of view, I should have regretted much more the loss of the more ancient parts of the building, these possessing a value as objects of antiquity which could not be estimated by pounds, shillings, and pence. Before leaving this interesting place, we were shown an open space on the right-hand side, where executions formerly took place; and in the centre of this Anne Boleyn and many other noble personages were put to death. The traitors' gate, a low entrance, opens out on the south of the White Tower, towards the Thames. Through this gate prisoners were conveyed by water to Westminster, where their trials usually took place. I shall conclude by hoping that the trials of all such unhappy victims of cruelty, bigotry, and oppression, have passed away for ever; and that the Tower may never enjoy celebrity otherwise than in connexion with the dark and tragic scenes of past ages.

"NOTES OF A HALF-PAY IN SEARCH OF HEALTH." *

CAPTAIN JESSE, the writer of this agreeable sketchy production, tells us that he found himself at a mess-table in India, when only sixteen years of age; and that the natural result of the style of living which he there found to prevail, was two or three fevers, cholera, and ultimately a very tormenting dyspepsia, with nerves and spirits gone. Knocked up in body and mind, home he came to recruit; was recommended by a London physician to throw physic to the dogs, and amuse himself by travelling. With his wife as a companion, he travelled accordingly, and now gives the world the benefit of his observations and reflections. The captain's excursions took the direction of Greece and Russia, and, though both are now well-beaten tracks, he has contrived, by means of well-directed observation, to pick up a variety of amusing particulars. We propose to induce readers to peruse the entire work, by offering a few short extracts as a specimen of the contents.

Going to Constantinople, he could not, as an old Indian, avoid taking a bath, according to the Turkish method. "The principal Hummums in Stamboul are situated in the pipe bazaar, the entrance being on the right in going up the street; but there is nothing to indicate the approach to so large an establishment. The undressing-room, about twenty paces square, was lighted by an open lantern in the dome above; a fountain played in the centre, and freces arabesques (though indifferently executed) gave an air of finish to the apartment. A platform, elevated about three feet from the ground, and built round the walls, was covered by loungers and divans. Though at the early hour of six in the morning, the place was full of bathers, and I soon found myself sitting next to a sedate-looking Turk, on the platform before mentioned. It was tenanted by many others, some, like myself, preparing for the operation; others, wrapped in hot linen—that on their heads being elegantly arranged like a turban—were enjoying the greatest luxury of the bath, the pipe and sherbet after it. My inability to converse I found decidedly unpleasant; however, I was soon undressed, and having thrown a cotton towel round my loins, and placed my feet in a pair of wooden pattens, not particularly comfortable, I hobled through a small passage which led me into the murky atmosphere of the *topidarium*. Here I saw one of the assistants rubbing down an old and bearded descendant of the prophet, with a head like that of Michael Angelo's Moses, and so motionless, that he might have been the very statue itself. No jockey ever strapped a hunter with such force; it was a *real peal of the union* between the skin and flesh, for every stroke of the hair-glove brought away a considerable portion of the former. To me this appeared a *violent measure*, but he submitted very quietly, and I entered the *caldarium* a little more reconciled to my fate. There was nothing remarkable in the room I had left, but the one I was now in struck me greatly: it was circular, and about twenty-five paces in diameter,

dimly lighted by perforations in the dome above; under this was a stone platform, inclining from the centre downwards, which, as well as the pavement generally, was intersected by pieces of coloured marbles, evidently of great antiquity. On this platform the bathers, as they entered, lay down, placing a towel under their heads. Certainly there was nothing very luxurious in this couch; on it, however, they underwent the process of shampooing, a ceremony I dispensed with, having tried it many years before in India; it consists in squeezing every muscle of the body, and making every joint crack. A barber, whose assistance I required, now made his appearance; and such was the excessive perspiration, that he relieved me of my beard without the aid of soap, in a very expeditious and agreeable manner. The operation over, he and my attendant disappeared, and I was left to my own observations. These were pleasant enough, for every one appeared to be enjoying himself; and as the laugh and more subdued song were re-echoed from the lofty dome, all apprehensions regarding the hair-glove vanished.

I was now stuck up against the wall, in a recess which contained a stone basin, receiving both hot and cold water, and the assistant, aided in his operations by the hair-glove, began to remove two or three layers of what a Turk considers superfluous skin, but which I, having worn it for some thirty years, looked upon in no such light. The fellow, however, effected this excoriating process in so very humane a manner, that the most strenuous supporter of Martin's act might have stood by without the slightest annoyance to his feelings. During each pause of the glove, I was drenched with very hot water; and when it was finally laid down, I thought I was a pretty good example of modern Marsyas. The repeated soughings which followed, got the steam up on me to such a height, that I felt it was a case of high pressure, and rushing into the adjoining room, as to a safety-valve, I threw myself down on the ground, gasping like a fish out of water. The change in the temperature soon relieved me, for though this room felt oppressive as I passed through it on my way to the one I had just left, it now felt equally cold. But the operation was not yet over, for my scrubber soon re-appeared with a pewter basin full of lather, which he laid over my person with a piece of hemp, very much like a ship's swab on a small scale: the effect was delightful after the glove, and removed all irritation. Another drenching followed; and having thus been flogged, parboiled, and steamed, half-drowned and half-suffocated, I put on dry things and retreated to a seat in the undressing-room, as quickly as my pattens would allow me. Here my hot linen was again changed, and my head wrapped in cloths, arranged, no doubt, in a turban, like those already alluded to; I was then furnished with a chibouque, and I sunk back in my fauteuil, thinking what pipes would have given for such a bath for the gipsy. The expense of all this was seven piastres, about eighteenpence, including coffee and lemonade, both exquisite, the latter being iced. In fact, it was only when sipping them, and smoking the sultana, that I found myself in a position to be called luxurious; and I left the Hummum, though rather sore, much gratified with my visit. The Turks only pay one piastre and a half, but, the pipe excepted, without refreshment."

Captain Jesse spent a considerable time at Odessa, from which he proposed to travel through the Crimea, but was delayed and vexed in no ordinary degree by the Russian functionaries, who rule over the passport establishment. We let him describe the scenes which occurred on this occasion. "The following day I was again at my post. My papers lay duly arranged upon the table, but the man in green paid no attention to me; and though many applicants were successful, the crowd around him appeared to increase rather than diminish. I soon saw how matters stood; and feeling certain that, unless I followed the example of those who had retired, I should again be compelled to 'call again to-morrow,' I put my hand in my pocket, a sign-manual which this purveyor of signatures perfectly understood, and we effected an amicable exchange. Handing me the papers, he pocketed the silver with the most perfect *sang froid*, telling me, as he dropped the 52-copecock pieces into his pocket, that 'the imperial salary would not keep him in boots.' I was now enabled to pass the sentry who guarded the entrance to the sanctum of the Chef de Police. His office, like most other public ones in Russia, consisted of four bare walls, with a brick stove reaching up to the ceiling in one corner, and was furnished with a deal table and a few chairs. Though a civil functionary I found him in full uniform, and, as usual, radiant with orders. The table was covered with papers, and in the centre stood the palladium of the place. This extraordinary affair, which is to be seen in the principal room of every public office in Russia, is made of copper or iron, gilt, and, though much larger than a Metronome, and having three sides instead of four, is not unlike one; the imperial eagle crowns the apex. On this singular instrument of office is engraved a variety of instructions, addressed to those intrusted with the administration of the laws, and suitable advice respecting the great sin of bribery and corruption. This public monitor is said to have been devised by Peter the Great, whose anxiety on the subject appears to have been well founded. The person in the present instance had accumulated a fortune that his net salary for one hundred years would never have

amounted to. But his is not a solitary case, for the respect paid to the mute admonitions of these tablets is in form only, and that is most religiously observed. As it is the representative of the imperial power, no Russian enters the room without taking off his hat to it; the serfs carry this feeling still farther, and I have observed many of them who had accidentally caught a glimpse of it from the adjoining room, bow as low to it as they would have done to the altar. Foreigners, ignorant of the sanctity of this emblem, not unfrequently meet with sharp rebuffs for their unwitting neglect in not saluting it. I was first awakened to the necessity of so doing by a threat of having my hat knocked off.

But to return to my passport. The signature I had so long waited for was duly affixed, and I left the office, but not in possession of that document, for my three days of apparently '*pas perdus*' had merely procured me a certificate that I was not in debt, which happily I knew before. I had now to proceed to the office of the military governor, where two or three more bribes were administered, and another *triangle* or two propitiated, before I could obtain it. Then it was of no use to me as a final measure, for as I intended to travel post, I had still to present it at another office to get a *padroshna*, or order for post-horses. There I was again obliged to show my certificate from the police that I had no debts; and two days more were consumed before I received the document which at length set me at liberty to start.

We hear much of the far-sightedness and excellence of character of Nicholas, but either he is unduly eulogised, or is kept in ignorance of the infamous treatment of travellers, of which the above is an example.

The account of a dinner-party at St Petersburg is as follows:—"My first introduction to Russian society was at a dinner-party, at the Countess T—'s. We were invited for four o'clock, the usual hour, and, on our arrival, found the party already assembled in the drawing-room; the ladies were in morning dress. A tray was shortly after brought in, with caviare, herring, and other *et ceteras*—perfect epitome of an Italian warehouse. This was followed by another, with 'votka' (*rums*) and liqueurs; the ladies, as well as the gentlemen, partook slightly of both. Dinner was then announced, and on entering the dining-room, we found only the dessert on the table; there was nothing but the glass and plate on the side-board. The fresh fruit and flowers had a much more pleasing effect than roast joints, friandiseaux, and curry. A slice of black bread, a white roll, and a decanter of *civ ordinaire*, were placed for each guest. The dinner was composed of the best French and English dishes, which were handed round in rotation, with wines at intervals, by free servants out of livery, well dressed and well trained. This, however, is the case only in the best houses; the generality are serfs, equipped in liveries made in the house by their fellow-slaves. These wait without either glove or napkin; and as the pump in the yard is their jug, and the trough under it their only wash-hand basin, their hands are not agreeable objects to the eye, and certainly not in keeping with the unnecessary quantity of plate and glass which is frequently displayed, or the tapes and jewelled fingers of the ladies of the party. Quass was to be had if asked for; but this is avoided in company, as beer is amongst some of the *soi-disant* select in England. I have, however, seen many exceptions to this in Russia; and sometimes sat next to a countess, who regularly emptied a decanter of this execrable beverage. After dinner, it was exceedingly disagreeable—to make use of a mild term—to see every one rinsing his mouth heartily, and expectorating copiously into his finger-glass. This operation over, the conversation suddenly ceased, apparently by mutual consent; the company rose, crossed themselves, and having bowed to the noble hostess and to each other, all round the room, returned to the salon in the same order as they left it. Coffee was then brought in; and in about half an hour, almost every one had retired. While musing on this circumstance, and admiring the ingenuity with which the eight decorations of an acquaintance were arranged—for they were all suspended from a small gilt sword, similar to those sold in London under the denomination of 'Prince Albert's toothpicks'—he came up to me, and whispered in my ear, 'Captain, it is time to go.' 'Where to?' said I. 'Home,' replied my friend. 'Home! why, I did not order the carriage till ten!' 'Ah, indeed, that is unfortunate; but such is our custom, and it will be thought very odd if you remain.' In less than a quarter of an hour after this, I found my wife and self trudging home on foot, our evening costume attracting no little attention from the promenaders on the boulevard; and we regained our hotel, much amused at being, according to our habits, civilly turned out of doors. This was a good specimen of a Russian dinner, where, with the exception of the misuse of the finger-glasses, there was nothing to offend a person of the most fastidious taste. In Russia, however, polished manners, nay, even the decencies of life, are often forgotten in the violence of temper fostered by the possession of irresponsible power; and scenes sometimes occur which would not be met with at the tables or in the society of any other European country. At a large dinner-party, at which a friend of mine was present, one of the servants, in handing a wine-glass, had the misfortune to let it fall. The master of the house, a general, totally oblivious of the presence of ladies, rose

from his chair, and with one blow laid the luckless offender, his servant, bleeding on the ground. A few excuses followed, as readily accepted as they were made, and the dinner proceeded as if nothing had taken place. Smoking is allowed in the most fashionable houses, the custom being somewhat qualified by the use of 'cigarettes.' This habit even the ladies sometimes indulge in; and I was not a little astonished to see that spitting-boxes formed part of the furniture of the drawing-rooms in the imperial villa at Moscow."

Captain Jesse describes the people generally of Russia as being bigoted and superstitious in the extreme, a condition from which their ignorant and stupid priesthood have no desire to rescue them. The abasement of the serfs is likewise most distressing to contemplate. Hundreds of them, we are told, are taken from the east and central parts of Russia to the Crimea, and are there let out to hire for the benefit of their proprietors, much in the same way as hack-horses are let in England. They may also, though in an indirect manner, be sold; a sound, well-formed man will bring a thousand roubles, but a woman may be purchased for five hundred. They are likewise sometimes staked at the gaming-table; the captain says he knew of a serf who was bartered for a pointer. When serfs are skilful in the arts, they may realise large sums by their labour; but their gains are at the mercy of their owners. A serf belonging to Count H. was a clever watchmaker, and offered a large sum for his emancipation: the request was refused. "No," said the count; "pay me five hundred roubles a-year, and I will not exercise my power, but I will never part with it." Outraged humanity will one day exact a severe reckoning for these accumulated atrocities.

IRISH SERVANTS.

[The very beautiful work of Mr and Mrs Hall, descriptive of Ireland, to which we have frequently referred in terms of commendation, appears to approach its completion, preserving to the last the same interest and tasteful illustration of natural character which distinguished the early numbers. This work, it will be observed, is the product of two gifted minds—the solid and useful being the work of Mr Hall, while the interweaving of characteristic sketches, aided by a lively fancy, is the appropriate province of Mrs Hall. This lady may be said to unite the qualifications of both an English and Irishwoman—in manner English, but in heart truly, we should say warmly, Irish. This love of her native country extends to all connected with it; and the good qualities of her countrymen and women are a constant theme of praise, while, to do her justice, those of an opposite tendency are by no means passed over in silence. In the last published number of the work on Ireland, we have a specimen of this national attachment, in her description of Irish domestic servants, a portion of which we take the liberty of laying before our readers.]

The greater number of Irish servants employed by the middle classes are taken from the lowest and poorest in the country. We repeat, they are not properly fed, they are not properly lodged at night, and their wages are not in proportion to their labour—we mean even at the Irish rate of remuneration. Our hearts have ached for these poor, ignorant, but warm-hearted and affectionate creatures. We have seen the mistress of a house—perhaps an opulent tradesman's wife—such a woman as in London would give her maid-of-all-work ten or twelve pounds a-year, her tea, and either a pint of beer daily, or beer-money, and her nurse-maid eight pounds, with the same allowance—employing a bright-faced but half-clad girl, who had to do every thing as best she could, for four pounds a-year—wash, iron, cook, clean, scour, scrub, and wait upon company; and yet her mistress decried long and loudly on the impossibility of obtaining "good servants!" Now, in England, the middle class (the class that stamps the character of a country) prepares, as it were, the servant for a higher step. The poor Irish lass has no hope of a higher step, because she has learned nothing where she has been. She is constantly obliged to make one thing do duty in half-a-dozen ways, where there is a total want of "system;" and has no idea that, unless the furnishing, cleanliness, comfort, and arrangement of a kitchen are attended to, there can be nothing well ordered throughout the house. Little or nothing is done to raise the poor servant in the scale of moral or intellectual being; no effort being made to improve her habits or her tastes, so that she looks upon the brushing and cleaning up-stairs in some degree as a work of supererogation. She does not see the necessity for it—she does not reason as an English servant does—"I cannot sit down to my supper till I have cleaned my kitchen." And why? Because there have been no pains taken to improve her knowledge of the decencies of life. We write of the habits of the middle class, and a step below them; and we say, that until they treat their servants better, and pay them better, they cannot have decent servants. Our domestic comfort, here and everywhere, depends on our servants; and surely it is worth while to consider how we can best obtain that comfort. If the money expended by careless habits in Ireland were saved by prudence, the gentleman farmer, the town tradesman, the person of limited income, would be able to pay servants, so as to induce well brought-up respectable young men and women to go to service. A servant would consider herself well paid, and would be well paid, in Ireland, who received seven or eight pounds a-year. Let her have her breakfast, her dinner *at one* (a servant's health and habits of order are strengthened by the system of early dining), and a third meal of plain wholesome food. Do not degrade her by supposing she would steal food like an animal. Do not treat her as a thief, or you will make her one. Feed her entirely without reference to "breakfast-money." There is something inexpressibly humiliating in bread being *locked up* from fellow-creatures who are labouring for you. In service, as in matrimony,

there can be no "separate maintenance" without evil arising. Let the servant have her money free of her maintenance; that is one step towards establishing a better order of things. Remunerate her for her labour *honestly*. Pay her enough to enable her to be always clean and decent in appearance.

We hope these comments will not be considered dull, and, still more earnestly, that they may not be taken as offensive. The subject is one of very vital importance; and in directing attention to it, we may be the means of doing essential good to both the employer and the domestic. Unless truths are conveyed in plain and direct terms, they have usually little weight. The unselfish attachment, ready industry, willingness to labour, and fidelity, of the Irish servants, are appreciated even where their careless, unformed, and *uneducated* habits, militate against them; and it is unquestionable that a more careful training, under a better order of things, would render them infinitely more valuable auxiliaries to a household, either in Ireland or in England.

But this branch of our subject let us illustrate by an anecdote.

Mrs L. was a lady in London, who, when she advertised for a housemaid, added the very unamiable, but by no means unfrequent, "P.S. No Irish need apply." Notwithstanding, a very decent, pretty, and respectable-looking young Irishwoman did present herself in the lady's drawing-room as an applicant for the situation.

"I told you," said Mrs L. "that no Irish need apply."

"It was on the paper, I know, ma'am," answered the girl; "but I thought if I had a good character, and could do my work well, no lady would refuse me bread because of my country." Mrs L. was a young housekeeper, and she had worded her advertisement by the advice of friends; persons who cherish a prejudice as if it were a perfection, and, forgetting altogether how frequently they have had idle, dirty, careless, and dishonest English servants, pour out the vial of their wrath upon the Irish, from whom they withhold the power of exhibiting their advantages by contrast. Fortunately for Kitty Gallagher, however, Mrs L. was considerate as well as just. She looked into the poor girl's open and honest countenance as she stood with the flush of humble indignation on her cheek, inquired carefully into her character, and examined her three or four written discharges, which of course "went for nothing," but subsequently called on two persons who had known her; and the result was her engagement.

Mrs L. was the wife of a highly-respectable mercantile man; one of a class who, of all others, entertain great mistrust of the Irish people; their methodical and business-like habits preventing them from making allowance for the volatility and heedlessness of their mercurial neighbours. Mrs L. had consequently to encounter the "astonishment" of her acquaintances, and the warnings of her husband.

With every desire to do right, and habits that were tolerably clean and very active, Kitty found she had so much to learn that she frequently cried herself to sleep; as she told us herself, it was not the hard work that overcame her—she could do ten times as much and think nothing of it—but "the particularity"—the necessity for spotless stairs and carpets, for stoves polished like mirrors, for a total absence of dust everywhere; for a maner, staid, silent, smileless, and of distant respect; for a noiseless step, and a voice never heard except in the most soft and brief reply; then the getting up fine things: she could have washed, to make like snow, tablecloths, sheets, and dresses, but the difficulties of small-plaiting and clear-starching, the very clock-like regularity of the house, "broke her heart"—there was a place for every thing, and every thing must be in its place. Then her fellow-servants would set her wrong instead of right, and sneer at her afterwards; they ridiculed her country, and wondered she could eat any thing but potatoes, like all her people. Though loving to laugh, she did not relish being laughed at, and between her desire to do well in all things, and her national sensitiveness, poor Kitty had enough to encounter during the first twelve months of her servitude. On the other hand, Mrs L. more than once fancied she had acted imprudently. Kitty was not only blamed by the other servants for what she did, but for what she did not: her eagerness to please frequently occasioned blunders and mistakes; her phraseology was perplexing; and her foot was not as light, nor her "manner" as fully formed, as that of a London servant. But then her habits were very inoffensive. She was ever cheerful—willing to assist in every one's work; no matter how late or how early her services were needed, she was always ready. By degrees she blundered less, and absolutely dusted both corners and skirtings without "following." Then she was so humble when reproved, so happy when praised! At first, a sort of womanly spirit prevented Mrs L. from confessing she was wrong in her judgment, and by degrees—slow, but sure degrees—Catherine established herself in her mistress's good opinion. We have observed a great number of the Irish in England, of all grades and classes. No instance has ever occurred within our knowledge where they failed in attaining their object, except by being drawn off from it to run after something else; when they really persevere, when they add to their native energy a singleness of purpose, we never knew them fail. Kitty, in her humble way, was evidence of this; she felt deeply grateful to her mistress for having made an exception in her favour; she had good sense enough to understand that she had bettered her condition, and to feel that in England girls "with two or three hundred a-piece" were not ashamed to go to service. She resolved to master the difficulties with which she was surrounded, and to keep her place; gradually, her good humour and good nature became appreciated. Mrs L.'s two little ones caught scarlet fever, and when the nurse declared she was afraid to remain with her charge, Kitty volunteered to take her place. "I am not afraid," she said; "and sure God can keep the sickness from me by their bedside as well as by my own; and if I was to go, His will be done! but I am not afraid." Night and day this girl watched with their

mother over the children; at her request, no stranger smoothed their pillows or aided her exertions; what she lacked in skill she made up in actual tenderness, and her quickness and attention never wavered; in time, the children recovered, but they had become so attached to their Irish nurse that they intreated their mamma to let her remain with them, and the former nurse took Kitty's place. When Kitty was a girl, there were no National Schools, and at that time she was so ignorant of "book learning" that she did not know her letters; but she managed to learn them from the children, and concealed her deficiency so well, that Mrs L. told us it was not until Catherine could read, that she confessed how entirely un instructed she had been. During a period of five years, she continued in her place, unspoiled by much kindness; and frequently did her mistress boast to her acquaintances of the treasure she possessed in an Irish nurse; it was quite true that Catherine's accent was anything but correct, still her mistress declared it to be "her only fault," and one for which her fidelity and good conduct amply atoned. Love now somewhat interfered with her duties; a master carpenter paid his addresses to the kind Hibernian; her mistress was too just to prevent her settling respectively, and as her intended husband had formed an engagement to go to New York the following spring, Kitty decided on remaining with her "darlings" until within a week of his departure, when she was to exchange the guttural of "Gallagher" for the more euphonious name of Miller. Hitherto, Mr and Mrs L. had enjoyed in life uninterrupted sunshine—every thing prospered which the merchant undertook; but a few eventful months made a terrible change in their circumstances: loss followed loss with fearful rapidity, until at last their house was advertised to be sold, and Mrs L. firm and patient in adversity as she had been cheerful and considerate in prosperity, placed Kitty's quarter's wages in her hand, and told her that, for the future, she must herself attend to her children; her voice faltered as she thanked the poor Irish girl for the care and tenderness she had bestowed upon them; and she added a wish, that as the time had arrived when Kitty was to be married, she would inform her of her prospects after she and her husband had been some time in New York, and rely upon Mr L. to remember her faithfulness, if ever he had the power to serve them. We quote Mrs L.'s own words. "Catherine," she said, "stood without replying until I had done speaking. I was more agitated at parting with her than with all my other servants: she had evinced more affection towards me and mine in an hour than the others had shown in a year."

"Is it to leave you, ma'am, you want me, and to leave the young master and miss? Ah, then, what have I done, to make you think I've no heart in my bosom? I'll be no burden to you, but I'll never leave you. Leave you in your trouble? Sure, it's neither peace nor rest I'd have by day or night, to think it's my two hands you'd be wanting, and they not in it. And as to Robert Miller, it will be better for him to be by himself for the first two or three years; and so I told him this morning when we parted. 'I'll never leave the mistress in her trouble, Robert,' I said; 'and if it's any bar, why, I'll give you back your promise;' and he would not bear of that, but took on a good deal at first; only it's all over—time and distance are nothing to true hearts, and if he does forget me, why I'm doing my duty still. I'll never leave you in your trouble." Her devotion, so simple, so perfectly unaffected," added Mrs L., "drew more tears from my eyes than my own sorrows. I had served myself for them, but this overpowered me; the children became wild with joy when they found Kitty was to remain with them; and she certainly was the good spirit of comfort in our humble cottage. But this was not all: she had saved in my service about fifteen pounds, and every farthing of this money she spent in buying in, at the auction which finished the desolation of our once happy home, such small things as she believed most attached to; these she had conveyed to our dwelling secretly, and then, with a delicacy which must be innate, she intreated me to forgive the liberty she had taken, and endeavoured to persuade us she had but returned to us our own. I often think that my husband's proud spirit would have been bowed even to breaking, but for the true nobility of Catherine's heart; toiling as she was in all capacities for our sakes, I never saw a shadow on her brow. She was an existing proof (amid much that led us to believe the contrary) of the disinterested generosity of human nature; she taught us the value of usefulness—she made us ashamed of our prejudices, and never did she once make us feel that she had sacrificed a pin's worth to our interests."

This is no romance—it is simple and unvarnished truth; both the mistress and the servant are intimately known to us; we have not added an iota to the story as the former told it to us. Kitty's generosity of character did not effervesce; during a period of three years she remained firm to her purpose, because Mrs L. needed her services. At length a distant relative of Mr L.'s died, and as next of kin, Mr L. inherited a very comfortable property; then, indeed, Mrs L. found Kitty more than once weeping over the letters she could hardly read, but which, nevertheless, she knew by heart. It was not, however, until she had succeeded in training "a cousin of her own," whom her mistress not only consented, but was happy to receive, that Kitty performed her promise, and rewarded her lover for his constancy.

How many other examples of devoted and disinterested attachment of Irish servants to their employers we might add to this, and yet record only cases entirely within our own knowledge!

May we not hope that the prejudice against them in England, so rapidly diminishing, will be, ere long, altogether gone; and that when their advantages—of faithfulness, industry, and willingness to labour, in all ways and on all occasions—have been considered and appreciated, they will acquire those, perhaps, equally essential, habits of neatness and order, into which they have hitherto not been properly disciplined, because kept far too much away from opportunities of improvement?

THE BRITON'S FIRESIDE.

'Twas vain to seek on foreign shores the comforts of a "home,"
That name is less familiar as farther we roams;
No other clime can boast the peace, the calm and tranquil pride,
A Briton feels when all is mirth around his fireside!

Tis there the old forget their age, and gambol with the young,
To mingle in the merry dance, or join the social song;
Oh! if from thought thou'dst turn away, some rankling care
Thou'dst hide,
Go, imitate the Briton's lot, and learn his fireside.

Yet not alone in gayer hours this social peace is known;
It lives and blooms when all the sweets of passing mirth have
frown;

Yes! there the father mildly checks the faults he cannot chide,
And chains the feelings of his child to that dear fireside!

Say, who can view the happy few, in innocence and mirth
Assembled round the very hearth which sparkled at their birth;
Who, launched upon life's troubled sea, have struggled with her
tide,
And not proclaim the blessings of a Briton's fireside?

Long may the hand which guards our isle avert the luckless day,
When from her shores such happy scenes must fade and pass
away!

Long still may Britons boast their peace, and feel an honest pride,
That they alone of all the earth possess a fireside!

W. H.

THE STEAM NAVIGATION OF GREAT BRITAIN.

[From the *Journal des Débats*, December 1841.]

ENGLAND is increasing in an extraordinary manner her means of communication with every part of the world. On March 20, 1840, a contract was entered into between the government and the Royal Mail Steam Navigation Company, by which the latter engaged to organise a line of steam-packets between England and the Gulf of Mexico. In less than twenty months from the signing of the contract the running of these vessels has commenced.

The conditions imposed on the company were, that they should build fourteen large steamers, each of 400 horse power, and capable of carrying the heavy artillery now in use. All these vessels were to be completely found in every respect. From the time the company should be prepared to commence the running of these vessels, they were to dispatch, at equal intervals, twice in a month, a steamer, which should first carry the mail to the island of Barbadoes, and from thence into the Gulf of Mexico; and the company were bound to take measures for the landing and receiving mails at all the different points at which they were to touch, in an interval of not exceeding twenty-two days (except in case of accident) from their arrival at Barbadoes to their departure from Samana, in the island of Hayti, on their return to Europe.

The government, on its part, engaged to pay to the company an annual sum of £240,000, payable in equal proportions, every quarter.

Not twenty months have elapsed since this contract was signed, and already eight of those stupendous vessels, ready for sea, have assembled at Southampton, which is to be their point of departure. These vessels are said to be magnificent; and in the trial trips to which they have been submitted, have shown their amazing powers, none of them performing less than twelve knots an hour, and one of them, the Clyde, fifteen. The remaining six vessels will be at Southampton by the 15th of next month. One of these fine vessels started last week for her voyage, and will be the first vessel that has made the run between Europe and the Gulf of Mexico by steam power alone. Others will follow in regular succession.

This activity does honour to the directors of the company; but it is not only to the continent of America that the English direct their attention. In the other hemisphere they evince no less efforts to unite their Indian possessions with England by means of rapid and regular communications. The port of Bombay has become one of the most important points of the globe for steam navigation. Her steamers regularly ply to the mouths of the Indus, the Persian Gulf, the Red Sea, and Suez, where they every month transport the correspondence from India, China, and the Indian Archipelago, carrying back in exchange the correspondence of Europe with Asia. The last courier which came by that route was the bearer of no less than 50,000 letters for Europe. This is not all. The presidencies of Calcutta and Madras would also have their direct communication with the mother country, without being compelled to make use of the Bombay line; and have, therefore, established a separate line of steamers, which, from next month, will run to Suez, touching at Ceylon, Madras, and Calcutta, to take and carry passengers from and to those different ports. Four steamers of 500 horse power each are already ready for this service. In the mean time, every exertion is making at Bengal for the extension of steam navigation on the magnificent river Ganges; in a short time the voyage from Calcutta to Benares, which cost the unfortunate Jacquemont so much labour and time, will be performed as easily as the voyage from Paris to Havre.

Steam navigation will shortly establish regular communications between the different points of the magnificent empire which the genius of England has founded in the south sea. A steamer has already commenced running between Sydney, Port Philip, and Van Diemen's Land. It is announced that other vessels will soon arrive to form a rapid communication with all those points by which England has attached the great continents of Australia, Van Diemen's Land, Norfolk Island, and the island of New Zealand. It is talked of, and it is an idea which will be eventually realised, of establishing a regular line of steam-packets between Sydney and Ceylon, or Calcutta, that is to say, to place Australia at a distance of from seventy or eighty days' run from Europe, whilst hitherto the voyage from the coast of Europe to that antipodean continent has seldom been less than from five to six months.

When we witness such marvellous results as these of the genius of England, we cannot avoid making painful reflections as to our own country. Where are our trans-

atlantic steam-vessels? When will they be ready to commence their voyages? Are the great sacrifices offered by the government in promotion of this affair to be for ever without result? It is scarcely credible, that the gratuitous gift of steamers, and the formal promise of an allowance of more than a million of francs annually, has not yet induced the people of Havre, our first port, and within fifty leagues of the capital, to form a company for the service of the line to New York.

THE BAROMETER.

We extract the following from "Observations on a Meteorological Diary," published by A. Abraham and Co., Opticians, Glasgow:—

"The barometer indicating the most minute variations of atmospheric pressure, when correctly observed in connexion with other meteorological phenomena, various changes of weather may be deduced; hence the instrument derives its familiar appellation of the weather-glass. By ordinary observers, too much importance is attached to the words invariably engraved on the scales of barometers—*fair*, *change*, *rain*, &c., without paying the required attention to the actual cause of fluctuations in the mercurial column. The changes of weather are not indicated by the actual height of the mercury, but by the change from a given point. If, for instance, the mercury has rapidly fallen from 30 to 29 inches, or from the words *fair* to *rain*, and the result, as indicated, has been a storm, probably, after a short interval, the mercury gradually rises, accompanied by fine weather; by the casual observer the instrument would be deemed imperfect, because the mercury stood one or two tenths above *rain*, and the sun shining brilliantly—the farmer perhaps waiting anxiously for the mercury to rise to *fair*, would thus risk the loss of a favourable opportunity of reaping his produce. Again, if the mercury be at the word *fair*, and gradually descending, and rain the result, the barometer is condemned as useless. To prognosticate changes in the weather by the action of the barometer, the changes of the mercurial column should only be attended to. The barometer being an instrument for determining the weight of the air, and influenced in its action by variations of atmospheric pressure, if placed at a considerable elevation, would stand proportionably lower than one at the level of the sea; the mercurial column falls one-tenth of an inch for every ninety feet of perpendicular ascent—hence its value for determining altitudes; if, then, the words on the scale are only referred to, corresponding changes of the weather could seldom occur at the summit and base of a hill. In our climate, the fluctuations of the barometer are influenced in a great measure by the direction or force of the winds. In serene and settled weather, the mercury generally ranges about 30 inches at the level of the sea; and previous to, or during storms, it falls below 29. The following rules for predicting the changes of the weather, as indicated by the barometer, are from the best authorities:—

1. The gradual rising of the mercury generally indicates the advance of fine weather in summer, and in winter of continued frost, more particularly if accompanied by a north or north-east wind.

2. A gradual descent of the mercury denotes rain in summer, and snow in winter; westerly winds most generally prevail during the fall of the mercury, a south-west wind indicating a longer continuance of rain. If the fall has been very rapid, it invariably portends stormy weather, the surface of the mercury presenting a very uneven and jagged appearance; after stormy weather, the mercury generally rises very rapidly.

3. In sultry weather, the sudden fall of the mercury indicates thunder showers; during frosty weather, a thaw, and a sudden rise in winter, usually high winds and snow.

4. If, during summer, the mercury is low, with a beautifully clear sky, the atmospheric appearance must yield to the barometer—rain and sudden changes will soon approach; if the mercury has been low for two or three successive days, with the wind veering from north-west to south-west, heavy showers, with squalls of wind, are usually indicated.

5. Whatever change of weather suddenly follows any change in the barometer, its continuance will be of short duration: thus, if fair weather immediately attend the rise of the mercury, or reverse, if rain, a fall of the mercury.

6. If fair weather continue for several days, during which the mercury is gradually descending, a long succession of foul weather will most probably ensue.

7. If no change in the barometer is indicated in the wheel form by the motion of the hand, or in the vertical by a visible change in the mercurial column, by gently tapping the former, a slight movement of the hand will indicate its tendency to rise or fall; and by observing the surface of the mercury in the latter, if *concave*, falling; *convex*, rising.

8. If the mercury fluctuates considerably, alternately rising and falling, the weather will prove generally very unsettled and changeable; if the mercury falls gradually very low from a given point, it portends a heavy and long continuance of rain.

9. A sudden and extreme change in temperature, either from heat to cold, or reverse, rain generally follows within twenty-four hours.

Some of the preceding barometrical denotations occasionally occur without the anticipated results visiting the immediate locality of observation, although experienced at a distance."

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